THE

MEDALIST.

A NEW

BALLAD.

Ridentem dicere verum quis vetat? Terent.

LONDON:

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(Price Six-Pence.)

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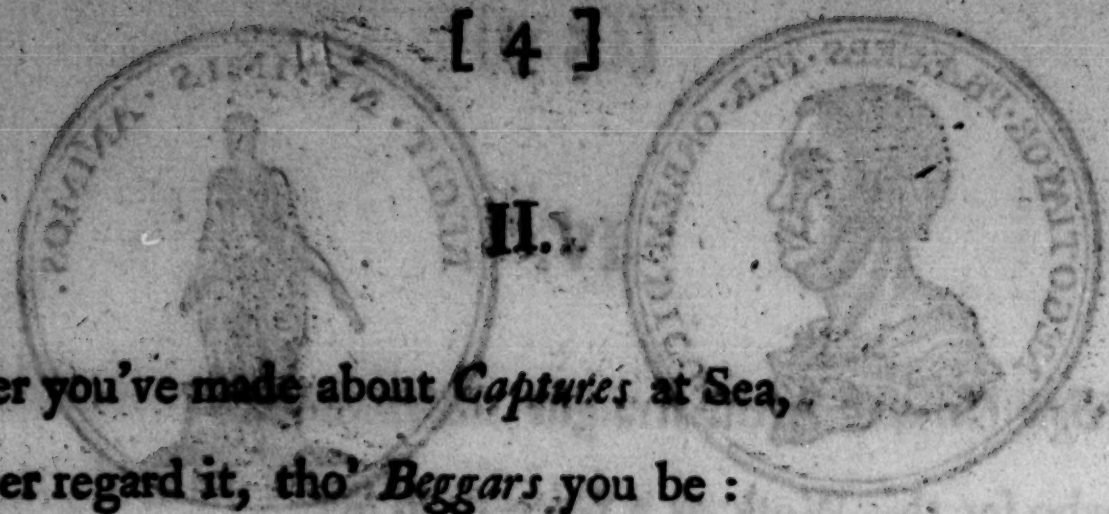
To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

I.

YOU Merchants of *Britain* who've nothing to do,
Give Ear to my Ditty, whoſe Subject is new.
Your Trade being gone, and your Liberties dear,
You've no more to loſe, therefore nothing to fear.
What tho' the *French* are
Your Maſters bégar
And ſwear you ſhall ſtarve while your *Wool* they do ſhare,
Ne'er grieve for your Loſſes, nor pine for your *Wool*,
Tho' *your Pockets* are empty, *Bob's Purſe* it is full.



II.

A Pother you've made about *Captures* at Sea,
But never regard it, tho' *Beggars* you be:
His *Honour*, remember, has long ago ſaid,
Since *ſturdy* you were, you ſhould *Beggars* be made.
Thus humbled and poor
You're made fitter for War,
And the Sight of a *Redcoat* the better may bear;
Then ſing to ſly *Robin*, and caſt away Grief,
For a Man without Money may ſing to a *Thief*.

III.

To ſhew you how greatly he values your Pelf,
Now he's got all your Money, he'll ſhew you himſelf.
His *Buſt* on a *Medal* he has caus'd to be grav'd,
That you all may remember by whom you've been *ſhav'd*.
And ſince from Reſpect,
Of Valour th' Effect,
You *Vernon* adore, and ſly *Robin* neglect;
He now lets you ſee his own Merit he knows,
And if you won't praiſe him, he'll deem you his Foes.

IV.

To a *High German* Artiſt ſtraight *Robin* did fit
(And who for this Work as a *German* ſo fit)
Old arm'd *Æſculapius* too, rummag'd his Wares
To furniſh a Figure might grace the Reverſe.
Then *Freeman* ſo wiſe,
That Puffer of Lies,
Was bid to ſearch *Ovid* and *Virgil** likewiſe.
A Motto ſhould on this Occaſion come pat in;
Excuſe me, quoth he, Sir, I never learn'd *Latin*.

V.

Beſides, to ſpeak Truth, which I'm ſeldom provok'd to,
With your *Vulnus* and *Enſe*|| I'd once like t'have been choak'd too:
But if a ſheer *Engliſh* Motto'll content you,
In the Space of a Minute I'll muſter up Twenty,
Viz. Of *Patrons the beſt*,
Or, of *Virtue the Teſt*:
Pho, Pox, quoth ſly *Robin*, *Man*, all that's a Jeſt;
Tho' Flatt'ry I love, and it ſuits well my Taſte,
Yet here it wo'nt do, becauſe much too Bare-fac'd.

* *Ille regit dictis Animos, & Pectora mulcet.* I. Æneid.
|| *Immedicabile Vulnus, Enſe reſcindendum.*
As quoted upon a late memorable Occaſion.

Somewhat

VI.

Somewhat ſoft, but yet ſharp, and the Motto will then do,
When mix'd with a Potion of ſly Inuendo.
Then taking the Pen, without being at Loſs,
At once he wrote, *Regit Dictis Animos.*

Sure nothing more pat
Can be thought of than That;
For ſince all their Money I'm ſure to get at,
With ſpecious haranguing on various Pretences,
The poor Devils muſt own that I *rule* all their *Senſes.*

VII.

The Die being finiſh'd was ſent to the Mill,
For Pity it were a good Work ſhould ſtand ſtill.
Beſides, at that Juncture they wanted Perfection,
As Badges to ſerve at the approaching *Election.*

For *Placemen* ſo true,
And *Penſioners* too,
Exciſemen and *Churchmen*, *Turk*, *Chriſtian* and *Jew*,
They all muſt have Medals who vote by Direction,
To denote their Dependance and ſervile Subjection.

But

VIII.

But *Lucifer*, who all this while had been watching,
Soon ſmelt his Son *Bob* had ſome Miſchief been hatching;
By his *bungling*, quoth he, he my Ruin contrives,
And has forc'd thoſe to pray, who ne'er pray'd in their Lives.
As ſure as a Gun
I ſhall be undone,
Sure Devil ne'er had ſuch a *blundering Son*;
Inſtead of Allurements to me, this wiſe Acre
Will oblige all the Land to apply to their Maker.

IX.

Some few who can't judge what is wrong or what's right,
At preſent ſtill think him an Angel of Light;
But by this falſe Step he will open their Eyes,
And proclaim me his Sire in Spite of Diſguiſe.
The Sign is ſo plain,
'Twere Labour in vain
To think e'er with Candour to cloak him again:
And *Then*, my Friend *Fleury*'s fine Scheme may be ſh—t on,
When baulk'd of his hopefulleſt *Tool* in *Great Britain!*

Thus

X.

Thus fraught with Malignity Satan did hie,
And clapp'd in his Hoof, juſt as down went the Fly.
Mynheer ſore affrighted, cries out, Goot a lack,
Vat de Dyvil bin dere, dat do give ſuſh a Crack?
When, to their Surprize,
The Father of Lies
Had giv'n the proud Medal his Mark of Aſſize:
The Die flown aſunder, was uſeful no more,
E're fully compleated were Medals Fourſcore.

XI.

The Number too ſmall for *Bob*'s *Slaves* to ſupply,
He'as ſent to the *Dutchman* to cut a new Die:
The Motto's are chang'd to avoid the like Evil,
And Truth put for Lies, as a Charm 'gainſt the Devil.
Then *Britons* be wiſe,
And *Bob*'s Favour prize,
And never more grumble at *Tax* or *Exciſe*.
Thus abject and low, when your Wants you unfold,
You ſhall have a *Braſs Medal* in lieu of your *Gold*.

F I N I S.